

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THEOPHILUS LINDSEY.

"MY GREAT DIFFICULTY WAS THE POINT OF WORSHIP. In comparison with this, subscription to the Articles, however momentous in itself, gave me then but little concern. For as the devotions of the Church are framed in strict agreement with the Articles and correspond with them more especially in what relates to religious worship, I looked upon my continuing to officiate in them as a constant, *virtual* repetition of my subscription, and therefore I needed not, nor did decline the *actual* repetition of it, when occasion served; though I was not forward in seeking such occasions."

Thus wrote Theophilus Lindsey at the moment of his resigning his living in the Established Church. He was looking back to the beginning of his long ten years' struggle through doubts and perplexities, a time of very painful suspense of mind, and when he had already begun to ripen his plans for quitting the Church, when there came before him an opportunity for exchanging his living in Dorsetshire for one that was in the midst of his family and friends at Catterick in Yorkshire. He never for a moment hesitated to make this change, as he tells us in the above quoted passage from his *Apology*, from the thought of the new subscription he should have to go through. He doubted not to subscribe over again his assent and consent to the Thirty-nine Articles, as not conceiving the repetition of the words upon his lips to be so solemn an act before God as was the daily and weekly work of carrying out and teaching these doctrines upon which he was engaged.

So rare a singleness of mind could not fail to lead its owner out into the pure air of freedom at last. A hundred years before this time John Biddle had chosen to suffer imprisonment and banishment rather than desert his faith; about the same time

the two thousand ministers were ejected under the Act of Uniformity of 1662. And Lindsey strengthened his mind by reading of these men. But in the years between there had been few or no examples of religious boldness; and the strangeness and singularity of what he was about to do distressed and intimidated him. In 1773 Lindsey took an affectionate farewell of his parishioners and went up to London with his wife, both of them slenderly provided for, and trembling for the success of the experiment they intended, the preaching of a pure Unitarian worship. This experiment formed itself into the establishment of Essex-street Chapel.

A passage or two more from Lindsey's *Apology* may be quoted to show the state of his mind upon this change:—

"I wondered how I had been able to bring myself to imagine that I was worshipping the Father in spirit and in truth, whilst I was addressing two other persons, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost.

"It appeared to me a blameable duplicity, that whilst I was praying to the one God the Father, the people that heard me were led, by the language I used, to address themselves to two other persons or distinct intelligent agents; for they would never subtilise so far as to fancy the Son and Holy Spirit to be merely two modes, or respects, or relations of God to them.

"If it be a rule in morals that what thou doubttest about thou shalt not do, it is still more evident that we are not to do anything that we know to be evil. No, not to procure the greatest good. For God does not want any sinful act."

Such was the man who could look forward with joy to "the gospel light of the knowledge of the one true God, and the worship to be paid to him only, as taught by Jesus Christ . . . spreading its beautiful ray through the British nation."

THE BIRD PREACHER.

"O MOTHER! the poor boy who always brings us white sand for our kitchen floor is standing at the door in the rain, and he has brought me a beautiful canary-bird in a rough little cage, which he has made himself. He says that he would like to make a present to me, because I once knit his grandmother a pair of warm stockings as a Christmas gift. He has reared the beautiful bird himself. May I accept it from him, mother? I will give the boy a good big piece of money for it, if you say so."

"Of course you must accept it, Eva, but you must not give him any money for it. He brings it to you out of the kindness of his heart, and he would not like it if you paid him for it. After a month or two you can give him something which is of more value than the bird, but do not do it now. Thank the kind boy for his present, and I will see that he does not leave the house without having eaten a good lunch."

Eva ran as fast as she could, and brought the beautiful bird into the house. She hung the cage by the window, and said to her little sister: "Mimi, the bird belongs to me alone, and nobody shall feed it but me. You shall never climb up on my chair, Mimi, and never even touch the door of the cage, for then the canary-bird would fly out, and get away from me altogether."

Mimi was a pale, sickly little girl, who was sitting on a low stool, and plaiting a little lamp-mat. She could walk but a few steps, though she had been old enough to do so for several years. Her hands and feet were very weak. She was a dwarf, and she sat nearly the whole day on her little seat, and played with her dolls, read her little story-books, or did any little work which she loved to do best. She was already ten years old, and while other children were out of doors, running around, and enjoying themselves in every possible way, she could only sit at the window and look at them. Occasionally, you could see the tears coming to her eyes, for she felt sorry that she could not run around and play too, but then they soon dried up again, and she looked as patient and as cheerful as any girl that passed along the street. Mimi was very

glad when she saw the little canary-bird brought into the room, and she clapped her hands together in joy, for she thought it would be a splendid little companion for her, being compelled to stay in the house so much as she was. But she felt badly enough after her sister had spoken in such a harsh way to her, forbidding her ever to have anything to do with the bird. Their mother was not in the room, for if she had been she would have cast a glance at Eva that would have been a sufficient reproof for her unkindness toward her little dwarf sister.

The next day Eva came from her bedroom and said that she had had a wonderful dream about her canary-bird. She had noticed yesterday that her bird had just a little black feather upon the top of its head, which looked for all the world like a little cap. Now last night she dreamed that the little fellow had a black velvet cap on, and stood upon a large ink-bottle, and that he had preached a little sermon. She felt sorry enough that she could not understand a single word of his sermon, for she knew that it must have been very fine.

Her mother was listening to her all the while, and then she said: "Now, who knows but that you may learn a good lesson from this?"

Eva looked up with some astonishment, and said: "Mother, what could I learn from a canary-bird? Why, I am a scholar in the second class!"

"Well," said the mother in reply, "you see that little Jack sings every day when you give him his seed, and when you fill his little cup with water. Now, it is not every little girl that is happy and thankful when she eats her meals and is satisfied with what she gets. God is the Giver of every good gift, and you cannot thank him enough for the least blessings which he bestows, and your heart shall be as happy as God is willing to give. I will tell you another thing that little Jack can teach you: he can teach you to observe little things, and a mere glance of the eye, or the raising of the finger either by your father or myself, should be a sufficient indication of our wish, which you should always be glad to obey."

"How so?" exclaimed Eva, in surprise and a little anxiety.

"Have you not noticed that whenever

you take a cloth and lay it over Jack's cage, that he becomes as still as a mouse, and you would not know he was there until you took it off again?"

"Yes," said Eva, and then she saw the force of her mother's remark.

"How good it would be," continued her mother, further, "if all children would obey a hint like that!"

After a few days little Jack had become an old story to Eva. She was heartily tired of feeding him, and was even half sorry that she had taken him. "What shall I do with the bird?" she said. "I go every day to school, play on the piano, and must take my exercise in the garden. I have so much to do, especially since I have commenced French, that I do not see how I can take upon myself any more labour. I think I will have to give up this work and get somebody else to do it for me."

"No," said her mother, who heard these words with considerable surprise, "you must not cease to perform these little duties, for they will prepare you for greater ones which will devolve upon you when you become older. Besides, Eva, when one does a thing willingly, there will always be time enough to do it. Suppose, for instance, that you get up in the morning just a quarter of an hour earlier!"

"But it is so pleasant, mother, to lie in bed a good while."

"Yes, I know it is sweet, but everything in excess that is sweet has an unfortunate result."

"Now, mother, I know what you are thinking of. You are bringing up again the preserved pineapple in Aunt Aurelia's cellar, which I ate so much of one day that I had to take a great deal of bitter medicine after it. Now, you know I was only a little thing then, and did not even go to school. Now, if I had to get up earlier in the morning, and provide seeds and water for little Jack before I go to school, the sand-boy will have done nothing for me but given me trouble and more duties to perform. The twig cage is very homely, and if I had a nice cage it would cost more spending-money than I can now spare."

"One must always honour a present," said her mother. "Your money is sufficient to buy a beautiful cage, and the little

trouble which Jack gives you will be a great benefit to you, if you perform it right. Life, especially the life of a woman, is one continual succession of little cares and many small duties, and just what you are doing now is a discipline that you really need to make you happy and useful hereafter. Little Jack will, by and by, amply pay you back for all your trouble by the confidence he will place in you, and the attachment which he will show to you; and all that will be very pleasant."

These words led Eva to think the matter over in a more sensible way than she had ever done before. After a couple of weeks she bought a beautiful new cage, and every morning she arose twenty minutes earlier than she had previously done to provide little Jack with what he needed. She used to call him her "bird preacher," for she could not forget the beautiful little dream that she once had about his preaching on the top of an ink-bottle.

One day her Aunt Aurelia came from the city and saw the little "bird preacher" for the first time. "What a charming little bird this is!" said she, as she looked at Jack. "I only hope he will not have to suffer what my little bird has had to pass through. Just think, my canary-bird is the first present which my husband ever made me, and the poor little fellow has been blind for several weeks. Now he strikes himself against the wires of the cage, and often cannot find his food. It is very pitiful to see him, and I often have to hold the grains in my hand and let him pick them up in his little bill, for it does seem to me sometimes that he would really starve if I did not attend to him this way."

"O Aunt Aurelia! just bring over your bird and let him live with my little Jack, for Jack is so good that I really believe he will take care of your bird too. You see what a nice large cage I have got. I will put them both in it, and we will see what they will do."

Her mother looked up with a smile, which seemed to say to Eva: How glad I am that you still find time to do a kind act for another! The aunt willingly accepted Eva's proposition, and the following day a messenger brought the blind bird to Eva, who put it in the cage with little Jack. "Now," said she, "I want you

Jack, to carry out your reputation of being a little bird preacher, and I want you to be very kind to your blind playmate, and if he is not very good and patient in his affliction I want you to preach occasionally."

Jack did not know a word that she said, of course, and he looked at his new acquaintance, the blind bird, very closely, and kept his distance for an hour or two. In fact, several days passed by before Jack showed any friendliness to his blind companion. But, by and by, there was an evident change. He came nearer to the poor blind bird—whose name I should have said long ago, was Bill—and helped him to find his way to the water-cup, and to the place where the seeds were.

Once Eva watched them closely to see what they would do, and, to her great surprise, she saw Jack pick up grains very rapidly and put them in Bill's mouth. And what should Bill do but flap his wings and sing a little, just as much as to say that he was very thankful for what Jack had been doing for him. Then she saw Jack take his place right alongside of Bill, and flap his wings against him a little, and lead him in that way to the little bath-tub which stood in the farthest corner of the cage, and which Jack was very fond of visiting himself. As soon as he had led Bill there, he left him again, and Bill was evidently delighted to take a bath. Eva watched these manoeuvres every day, and she one day saw Jack's kindness so plainly manifested to Bill that she blushed deeply, and the tears started to her eyes.

"Oh!" said she, "how unkind and impatient I have been to my poor sick sister! I have not been half so good to her as Jack has been to poor blind Bill. I shall always be kind to Mimi hereafter. O Jack! you don't know what a little preacher you have been to me." And, with weeping eyes, Eva ran to her mother, and embraced her, and told her of her resolution. She then hastened to Mimi, and the sisters wept together as they never had done before.

From this hour poor blind Bill was never separated from Jack, for the attachment which they showed to each other, and the kindness and forbearance which they always manifested made it too plain that they ought to live together all their lives. So kind did Jack continue to be

that he lost his name in due time, and was only called the "bird preacher."

As I have passed by that house many times, and have seen the birds so happy in the same cage, and even hearing them sing so charmingly, I have wondered why all the little girls do not learn, not from the birds alone, but from the cattle in the field, and all the animals that are so friendly toward each other, the great lesson of kindness.—*The Methodist.*

TWENTY-FIVE IMPORTANT FACTS.

I. MANKIND universally are *in ONE sense* the children of God, whatever may be their moral character—on the same principle, that however vile the offspring of an earthly father may become, they are still his children. God created man in his own image, Genesis i. 26, 27—a little lower than the angels, Psalm viii. 5—and thus constituted Himself the God and Father of all, Eph. iv. 6—in whose similitude mankind were still created, 4000 years after Adam's transgression, James iii. 9.

II. The Hebrews are the offspring or children of Abraham, whatever may be their character; but "they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham," in a new and spiritual sense, Gal. iii. 7. So mankind may become, in *a SECOND sense*, "the children of God, namely, by faith in Jesus Christ," Gal. iii. 26; and by obedience they may become confirmed as "the children of the Highest," Luke vi. 35—being *in character* "the children of our Father who is in heaven," Matt. v. 45.

III. There is *a THIRD sense* of the subject—but this does not pertain to any class of persons in the present life. In the *resurrection*, mankind shall be the children of God, *BEING* the "children of the resurrection," Luke xx. 36—and we have the promise that "the creature [that is, the whole rational creation] shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God," Rom. viii. 18—23.

IV. It might with as much propriety be affirmed that mankind originally created themselves, as that they had any agency in constituting themselves as the children of God *in the FIRST-named sense*.

V. And since mankind can have no part in constituting themselves "children of the resurrection," it is manifest that they can have no part in constituting themselves "the children of God" in the *THIRD-named sense*. They shall be the children of God, BEING the children of the resurrection.

VI. It is in the *SECOND-named sense* that mankind have an agency in constituting themselves the children of God. Their agency covers the whole ground between their *creation* in the Divine image, and their being delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God in the *third sense*, namely, in the resurrection.

VII. Mankind bear "the image of the earthy," independently of their own will; and it is by the purpose and grace of God that they shall bear "the image of the heavenly." It is not optional with mankind whether they will or will not die in Adam, neither is it optional with them whether they will or will not be made alive in Christ, to die no more.

VIII. Recur to the *second sense*. They who believe and obey, become *characteristically* the children of God, Gal. iii. 26, Luke vi. 35, Matt. v. 45. They enjoy the blessedness of believers, Heb. iv. 3, Rom. xv. 13, 1 Peter i. 8, 1 John v. 10, John xiv. 16, 17. They enjoy the blessedness of obedience, Psalm cxix. 165, James i. 25, 1 Peter iii. 9—11, Matt. xi. 28—30, Psalm lxxxv. 10.

IX. On the other hand, they who do not believe and are disobedient are *not* characteristically the children of God. They are the children of disobedience, Eph. ii. 2; they are of their father the devil, and the lusts of their father they do, John viii. 44, in the same sense that Elymas was pronounced a child of the devil, Acts xiii. 10, and Judas a devil, and Peter Satan, John vi. 70, Matt. xi. 23.

X. We read of the children of wisdom, Matt. xi. 19; children of light, John xii. 36; sons of thunder, Mark iii. 17; and we also read of the children of wickedness, 2 Samuel vii. 10; children of Belial, Deut. xiii. 13; child and children of the devil, John viii. 44, Acts xiii. 10; children of disobedience, Eph. ii. 2; and the like.

XI. There would be as much propriety

in supposing that wisdom, light, thunder, wickedness, Belial, and disobedience, are so many personal beings, each having children, as to contend that the devil is a personal being, for the reason that his children and lusts are spoken of. In all these cases principles and the like personified. See Tract No. 6.

XII. The children of wisdom and light are characteristically the children of God, and their blessedness has already been noticed. Those of a contrary character walk in darkness, and grope in the noon-day, Job v. 14; their way is hard, Prov. xiii. 15; there is no peace to the wicked, saith my God, Isaiah lvii. 21. Such are the uniform declarations of Holy Writ concerning those who depart from the ways of wisdom, Proverbs iii. 17.

XIII. *Rewards and punishments* are uniformly mentioned in the Scriptures as being *according to the works of man*. Matt. xvi. 27, 28: "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here who shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom."—Rom. ii. 6: 'God "will render to every man according to his deeds."—See also 2 Tim. iv. 14, Col. iii. 25.

XIV. Carefully notice, 1st. That *no contingency* is expressed. There is no way to *escape*. 2nd. God will render to *every man*. There is no exception. 3rd. He will render to every man according to his *deeds, his works*. There is nothing said about belief or professions. 4th. He will render to every man according to *his deeds, his own deeds*—not the deeds of another person. 5th. Notice that it is *according* to every man's deeds. Every man is responsible, according to his knowledge and ability. See Luke xii. 47, 48.

XV. Paul declares that "the wages of sin is death," Rom. vi. 23. Here sin is personified, and represented as a being for whom the sinner works. Dr. Adam Clarke says, "The word which we here render *wages*, signified the *daily pay* of a Roman soldier." The word occurs in this sense in Luke iii. 14. Death is the *daily pay* of the sinner—for "to be carnally minded is death," Rom. viii. 6. Sin is a prompt paymaster. The sinner receives his wages *daily*. No postponement.

XVI. The wages of righteousness (as a counterpart to death, the wages of sin) is life and peace—for “to be spiritually minded is life and peace,” Rom. viii. 6. This also is a *daily pay*. “A good man shall be satisfied from himself,” Proverbs xiv. 14—When Paul says, “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life,” he does not make a contrast between the wages of *sin* and the wages of *virtue*. On the contrary, he clearly states that “eternal life is the *gift of God*.” And in Ephesians ii. 9, he testifies that salvation “is the *gift of God; not of works*, lest any man should boast.”

XVII. *Redemption and its blessings* are uniformly mentioned in the Scriptures as being “*not according to our works*,” but *according to the purpose and grace of God*, 2 Tim. i. 9; according to His mercy, Titus iii. 5; according to the good pleasure of His will, Ephesians i. 5; according to the riches of His grace, verse 7; according to His good pleasure, verse 9. Carefully notice the marked distinction between these references and those in **FACT XIII.**

XVIII. Sin abounds, and the sinner receives his *daily pay*, according to his *works*. Men perform virtuous deeds, and they also receive their *daily pay*, according to *their works*. But “where sin abounded grace did MUCH MORE abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might GRACE reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord,” Romans v. 20, 21. So, *after* mankind have been rewarded and punished *according to their deeds*, our Heavenly Father will confer the blessing of redemption upon his universal family, *according to His own purpose and grace*.

XIX. Many persons seem to consider it impossible to conceive of a middle ground between endless punishment and no punishment whatever. And having themselves adopted *one* of these extremes, they frequently charge Universalists with adopting *the other*. Whoever may read these pages will learn, not only that the charge is unjust, but also that the spirit of inspiration teaches a termination to both rewards and punishments. Beyond that termination there is a blessed inheritance for the whole family of man, as the free gift of the love of God.

XX. The testimonies concerning that

inheritance are communicated in universal terms, so that whatever grounds of expectation there may be in *one* case, there shall be in *all* cases. And herein there is beautiful conformity to the spirit of the second commandment, which is like unto the first—“Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” Selfishness and self-righteousness are alike excluded.

XXI. “The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hands,” John iii. 35; and Jesus was thus constituted “the heir of all things,” Heb. i. 2; and therefore it was his prerogative to say, “All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,” John vi. 37.

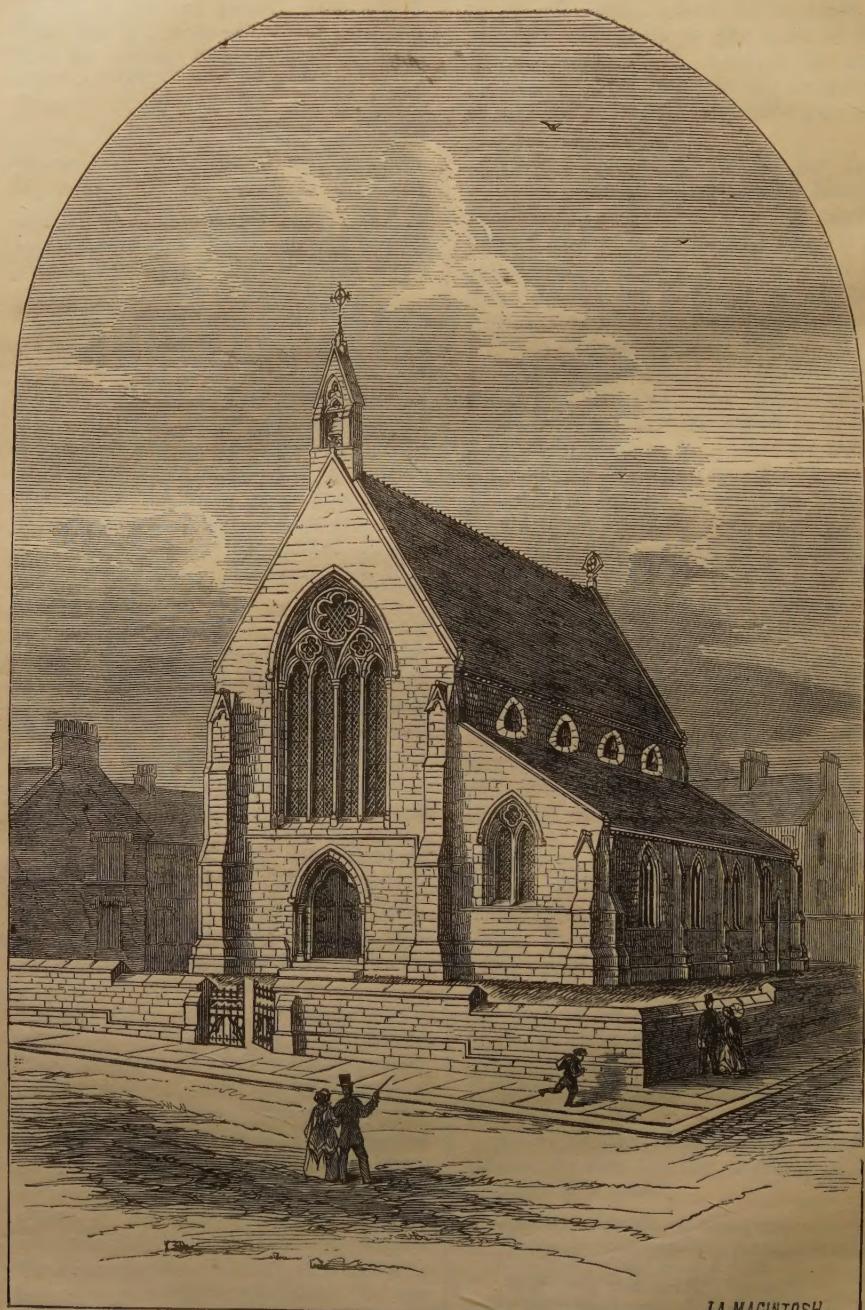
XXII. Conformably to this testimony, we find it recorded that Jesus “gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time,” 1 Timothy ii. 6. “For the suffering of death he was crowned with glory and honour, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man,” Heb. ii. 9. He is therefore the head of every man, 1 Cor. xi. 3; and Lord of all, Acts x. 36.

XXIII. In like universal terms we are informed that “he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of *the whole world*,” 1 John ii. 2; even of “the whole world” lying “in wickedness,” chap. v. 19. And hence it is written, “We have seen, and do testify, that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world,” 1 John iv. 14.

XXIV. In perfect harmony with these testimonies we are certified that “God was in Christ, reconciling *the world* unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them,” 2 Cor. v. 19. “It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile *all things* unto himself,” Col. i. 19, 20. “For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon *all*,” Rom. xi. 32.

XXV. In view of these sublime declarations, we may heartily exclaim, in the language of a poet—

“Could we with ink the ocean fill;
Were the whole earth of parchment made;
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Tho’ stretched from sky to sky.” A.C.T.



J.A. MACINTOSH

NEW UNITARIAN CHURCH, ROCHDALE.

NEW UNITARIAN CHURCH,
BLACKWATER-STREET, ROCHDALE.

THIS building (which stands on the site of the old Presbyterian Chapel) is in the Pointed or Gothic style, of the variety which prevailed in the middle of the thirteenth century.

It will be seen that the plan of the building is very simple, consisting of a nave and south aisle, under separate roofs, that of the nave being terminated at each end by a gable, with a small bell canopy and metal cross, on the apex of the west, and a stone ornamental cross on that of the east gable. The length of the building externally is 66ft., the width 34ft.

The principal entrance is at the west end, and over it is a large four-light window, with tracery in the head. The east end has also a four-light window with tracery, but differing in design from that of the west end. On the north side are four windows, the most westerly being of three lights, and the others of two lights. The south windows of the aisle correspond in width and number of lights to those on the north side, except in the eastern bay, which contains the minister's private door to the vestry, and a couplet of small trefoil-headed windows.

Externally, decoration is but sparingly used, being confined chiefly to the entrance doorway and the large window over it, the former having a richly-moulded arch of the ordinary pointed character; the aperture of the doorway, however, being filled with a trefoiled head. All the windows stand on a moulded string-course.

Internally, the nave is divided from the aisle by four clustered columns and moulded arches of Bath stone, and over these a low clerestory, with a small window over each arch, formed alternately as a quatrefoil and a trefoil. The eastern bay is raised one step apart as a chancel, to contain the singers' seats and the Communion table, which latter stands on a platform, one step above the chancel floor. The adjoining bay of the aisle is enclosed by a carved oak screen, the eastern portion being used as a vestry, and the remainder to contain the organ. The seats are open. The pulpit is against the north wall, at the point of junction between the nave and chancel.

HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BELOVED ?

THE rain that falls upon the height
Too gently to be call'd delight,
In the dark valley reappears
As a wild cataract of tears;
And love in life should strive to see
Sometimes, what love in death would be.

How doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low,
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow ?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angel's face.

Recalling with resistless force,
And tracing to the hidden source
Deeds hardly noticed in their course.

This little loving fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which, too late, we learn the price.

Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten tones of tenderness.

Thus does Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low,
Then let love antedate the work of death,
And do this now.

How doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low,
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lips and brow ?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print is scan'd.

It shows how such a vexing deed
Was but a generous nature's weed,
Or some choice virtue run to seed.

How that small fretting fretfulness,
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been had love been less.

This failing at which we repined,
But the dim shade of day declined,
Which should have made us doubly kind.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low,
Then let love antedate the work of death,
And do this now.

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low,
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow ?

It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon our heart,
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pain'd,
A giant stature will have gain'd,
When it can never be explain'd.

The little service which had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved.

The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheer'd some cheerless hour,
When they with earth's poor needs were poor,
But never will be needed more.

It shows our faults like fires at night,
It sweeps their failings out of sight,
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

Oh! Christ, our life, foredate the work of death,
And do this now;
Thou, who art love, thus hallow our beloved,
Not Death, but Thou.

By the Author of "The Three Wakings."

CHILDREN'S TRIALS.

"THERE! it's been and broke!" exclaimed Johnnie Jones, throwing down his knife and bursting out crying.

He had been making a ship; and just as it was all but finished, one of the masts snapped at some unlucky thrust of his knife, and down came the rigging and the foretop sail, and nobody knows what else. Poor Johnnie could not stand this wholesale destruction of his hopes, and, as we have said, out came a flood of tears and the despairing exclamation, "There! it's been and broke!"

"Fie, Johnnie!" said his mother looking up from her sewing, "crying for such a little thing as that! What a baby! Go to work and make another. I should be ashamed to cry over such a trifle."

Not so fast, Mrs. Jones! How do you know it is such a trifle? it may be so to you, but it is not so to him. Has he not spent all his afternoon making that ship? Did he not lie awake two hours last night planning it? Has he not been picturing to himself all day how splendidly it is going to sail in the little pond at back of the kitchen garden, after a famous launching therein?—how Sam Patch and Bill Hooper and Joe Stanley are going to be there to cheer it and praise it and wish they had one like it? And now the happy anticipations are suddenly checked, the glorious realisations of success indefinitely postponed; and this, too, on the very eve

of triumph! And you are wondering how he can be "such a baby!" Recollect this morning's experience in your own kitchen, Mrs. Jones. How was it when the cake fell, "flat as a flounder," in your oven? Did you coolly counsel yourself "to go to work and make another," reflecting that it was very foolish to be annoyed at "such a trifle?" Was your philosophy—not to say your Christian patience—proof against your disappointment? Say, if you had not been too old to resort to such an expression of your feelings, shouldn't you have had a good cry, equal any day to Johnnie's over his broken ship? And in what respect was your trouble greater than his? Answer me that, Mrs. Jones? your heart was set upon having a perfect cake; his upon having a perfect ship. Both cake and ship are a failure. His ship is as much to him as your cake is to you. Why should he fret and you not fret? Why should he bear his disappointment and you not bear yours? Cannot you tell me?

The fact is, we don't believe—neither Mr. Jones nor the rest of us—we don't believe in the trials of children. Because their failures are trivial to us, we imagine them so to them. But this is not the case. A child's horizon is small and circumscribed, but it is all the horizon that he knows. His griefs are trivial in reality, but they are not so to him. They are as large, as weighty, as absorbing as ours are to us. And, moreover, he has not the self-control which we have, or ought to have. We ought to be able to cope with difficulties and disappointments by this time. We have learned our lesson—or ought to have learned it—before now. It is all new to him. Remember this, and deal tenderly with the little children when their hearts are breaking over some grief, or failure, or disappointment. Recollect that you were once a child, and extend a heartfelt sympathy to them in their little trials, a kind, encouraging hand when they are fainting by the way. Give those words of our pitying Saviour—who once blessed little children, and who watches over them still—broad and generous significance: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

IMPROVED SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

IN 1785 we have records of some of the earliest Sunday schools in England, both church and dissenting. And during the years that lie between us and that time there is hardly a social institution that has been more thoroughly worked and more widely spread throughout the length and breadth of our land, none that has done more to link together the different ranks of society, none that has done more to scatter broadcast the seeds of education. But eighty-three years have worked great changes among us, and where as in those days hardly one man here and there in the congregation could "take the book," a little simple instruction in spelling and reading is now no longer a great boon, is now no longer received as proof of a generous wish to raise our brethren. The face of the world is more changed in these years than we are ready to believe, the relative value of land, of labour, of food, clothing, and manufactures, of foreign importations and of specie, are all utterly changed, and with them the value of that amount of instruction that custom has fixed to be given in the Sunday school. What wonder then that we hear of the growing unfitness of the old lessons to interest the Sunday scholar! The obvious experiment to be tried is to teach the children something fresh, something that they do value and do want, or rather something that is as great a step in advance of them as reading the Bible for themselves was eighty-three years ago. And here we may find the clue to regain that powerful moral influence over the people that our Sunday schools lately held, and that they are now unfortunately losing. A Raikes, a John Pounds, a Wilderspin, did not give an example to the world in the quantity of knowledge they poured into their little pupils, but of the warm-hearted courage with which they stemmed the prejudices of their age, and made over to the poor and ignorant something up to that time utterly beyond their reach or their aims.

It is this that has made the Sunday school the regenerator of our century; it has been an institution for the voluntary and gratuitous sharing between rich and poor, between high and low, of the one single possession that chiefly marks the inferiority of the one and the superiority

of the other—their advantages of education. More than all others it has helped forward the equality of men; it has been an institution of freedom. It has well been made part of our churches and chapels; it has been pre-eminently a Christian institution, an institution of disinterested benevolence. And if it is to have any continuing life it must become such once more.

I speak now of the Sunday schools in our own body. If the Unitarian believes that the gospel teachings are clearer or purer at the fountain-head, if he feels that even to get a shallow insight into the New Testament or the Old in its original tongue gives him a better view of the religious thoughts of the old world, a new value for the Bible writings, then it is in their original tongues, Greek and Hebrew, that he must try to show the Scriptures in his Sunday schools, and he must offer to the young people, nay persuade them to seize upon, the advantages he has had himself. If the Unitarian finds that in his own family, among his own sons and daughters, the simple reading of the Testament in some other and half familiar language—French, German, or Latin—gives a spirit and an interest to the Sunday teaching, arouses the attention, breaks the dull reading by rote, and even sometimes throws light on an old passage, then what he values for his own children, what has done him good in his own childhood, this he must bring into his Sunday school and teach among the children the French, the Latin, or the German Testament. If the foreign language may in this way be made to serve the purpose of religious teaching, and is at the same time a commodity of which the children and their parents know the money value, then will his motive for teaching it be quickened. Small knowledge though he have of it, diffident as he may be of teaching it, yet will he open his slender store and bid them come, buy, without money and without price. If the Unitarian have learned to trace in his Bible the changes in religious opinion of many centuries, and if he feel that its rare excellences come out to his mind all the brighter the more narrowly it is scanned, then must he face the difficulty of showing in the Sunday school the errors and the faults of the Bible, and must teach it with all the light of history and criticism that has helped him. Lastly, but not least in

importance, if the Unitarian feel that nothing but a clear and definite doctrinal teaching can give his own children faith with understanding, then must he have a Unitarian doctrine class in his Sunday school, and teach plainly and fearlessly there the differences between the several views of God's treatment of sin and his allotment of trials and blessings than are to be met with in the different churches around us.

But to shift the subject a little way: Sunday schools improve the teacher as well as the taught, and at this present moment of time there is a great and important service that we ask of them. The nature of education is to work its way upwards through the layers of society. A learned ministry has seldom succeeded in making a learned congregation; but intelligent-minded studious congregations, by their full appreciation of excellence in their ministers, have always raised the character of their clergy. Let us carry the reasoning a step further: experience has shown that the most polished congregations have not always the best taught Sunday schools, but who can say how much love of knowledge is carried back into the young teacher's home, caught insensibly from seeing the delight with which the mere rudiments of a new language, a new science, a new history are seized upon by those before whom they are unexpectedly laid open? Let us say, then, that although a learned ministry may fail grievously in its efforts to educate the congregation and Sunday school, a Sunday school that should bring up a set of thoughtful and earnest readers, like the bit of leaven leavening the whole lump, may—must—have its influence on all above it. We have already learned in some measure to make our Sunday schools the mart of exchange for some of our highest feelings, carrying thither our self-denial, our self-devotion, and love of our fellow creatures, and returning home laden, when these have been given back into our bosoms, with interest manyfold. Let us now make our Sunday school the treasury for our intellectual advantages, casting in there all that we possess as a consecrated gift, teaching there all that our faculties can teach, and receiving back not the same coin itself, but the blessing of a well educated neighbourhood, the stimulus of opened minds around us, a raised standard of thought below us, among us, above us, up

to the top steps of the ladder. We need no more cry out, then, that we have need of a higher ministry—let us begin there where we have ourselves the power of beginning the reform, let us have higher Sunday schools.

E. S.

ADVERTISING FOR CHRISTIANS

The Christian World is a very excellent paper in many respects, but its columns, week after week, contain advertisements upon which we never look without a feeling of disgust mingled with pity for the miserable victims who are to be duped by the religious pretences of our modern Pharisees. Here are a few examples selected at random from hundreds of similar advertisements:—

WANTED, by a Widower, a Christian person with a little income—as the above cannot afford wages—to take charge of two girls, aged nine and seven.

A YOUNG LADY, of Christian Character and Practical Ability, to take the lead in the show-rooms of a pushing medium trade. A plain, genuine person will find a comfortable home. No incompetent or dishonest saleswoman need apply.

We are tempted to inquire, "What is this most elastic adjective 'Christian' taken to mean?" Probably this: that as meekness is a prominent feature in the Christian character, so the applicants for the above desirable situations must be meek—submissive to bullying and starvation-wages. Does that which says "Christians *preferred*" mean to imply that a Jew, Turk, or Infidel would be accepted on certain considerations?

Here are two or three more, all savouring of the same sanctimonious odour:—

GOOD PLAIN COOK. Age above 24. Man cleans knives, &c. Good wages. Comfortable situation. Religious privileges.

GENERAL SERVANT who is fond of children and can value a comfortable home. Age about 20. Wages £10, no beer. A Wesleyan preferred.

WANTED, by a Surgeon, with a Retail in the East of London, an Assistant. One who would value a comfortable home, and a member of a Christian Church preferred.

If these Pecksniffian advertisers be the representatives of modern Christianity, command us rather to the Heathenism of old!

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY REV. E. CASE.

I HEAR them tell of the Beautiful Land,
And I long, O, I long to go,
That its strange and beautiful mysteries
My ravished soul may know.
To bathe in its glorious sunlight—
To breathe in its balmy air,
To sweep through its realms of ether,
Where the shining star-worlds are.

To stray in its flowery gardens,
To drink of its crystal streams,
To pluck the golden fruits that blush
In the eternal summer-beams;
To behold the wond'rous landscapes,
Where the freeborn spirits stray,
That I've seen in the dreams of midnight,
Where the starry pathways lay.

I have three little children;
One left earth long ago,
That was the first of sorrow,
Young manhood learned to know.
He comes as a starbeam glance,
Athwart the brows of night,
Gleaming in glorious beauty,
Then passing from mortal sight.

O, Death seems a cruel reaper!
But there's comfort left in this:—
"He seals the awful passport,
In a home of eternal bliss."
And there are holidays in heaven
For the little children dear,
On the sunny isles where the palm trees rise,
Though we know not of them here.

With a burning thought and a fiery brain
I watch the evening skies,
And I know in the glow of the sunset there,
The land of beauty lies;
For the gates swing inward noiselessly,
Touched by some unseen hand,
And a gush from the inner glory shows,
Where lies the Beautiful Land.

Though faint may sometimes be the light
That streameth from afar,
It may be some wandering spirit
Has only left them ajar;
Or that the eternal Father
Is willing at times to show,
Some shade of his own bright glory
To his children here below.

One past when the prime of manhood
Had strengthened the heart to bear,
She was the breath of a flower
On a gush of the spring-time air.
She was a thing that sparkled
A drop in the solar ray,
Then absorbed in morning sunbeams,
Passed swiftly to heaven away.

One tarried a little longer,
Till her ringlets fell in showers
On a brow where life's morning sunlight
Fell fair on summer flowers.

Her eyes were always laughing,
And her pattering little feet
Kept time to a voice whose prattle
Was a strain of music sweet.

They are gone from the earth, and I miss them,
But I know they are somewhere there,
Plucking the beautiful flowers,
To bind in their shining hair;
Or hand in hand they are walking
The shores of the river of life,
Waiting to welcome me over,
When I cease from my earthly strife.

O, there are chords that vibrate
In this instrument of clay,
Touched by the unseen fingers
Of spirits far away,
Who sometimes come so near us,
We can feel their touch and kiss,
And our souls are stirred within us,
As a leaf with summer bliss.

WONDERFUL HOUSE.

A BOY was leaving the fair at the Crystal Palace with his father. Quite taken up with the thought of a machine whose structure and play had been explained to him, he spoke his delight with artless vivacity.

"It is a wonderful invention, papa, isn't it?"

"Yes, my son; but I know of one still more wonderful. If the thing did not actually exist we could not believe it to be real!

"There are little buildings—houses, we may say—which are destroyed and rebuilt from year to year. The work, indeed, goes on from day to day, piece after piece, so that in a few years the whole edifice is renewed. In each house there is a central portion reached by numerous passages. In this particular room all the materials for renewing the building and its several parts are placed; and the rebuilding is done in such a way that your eye cannot follow the operation, although it is going on continually. No noise of the work is heard—no sound of hammers, or files, or screeching of saws. How strange! Even its windows pass away particle by particle, and atom by atom are formed anew, while nobody can see the working or the change.

"I see in your look, my boy, that you can hardly believe me. But a word will explain the mystery to you. The builder is God, and the house is our body.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well."

HOME.

WE think too little of the sacred character of home. Based as it is upon the marriage relation, it partakes of the sacredness of that "Holy Estate." As sure as marriage in its origin and end is holy, so sure is home holy. The seed of home, like that of marriage, is planted in man's nature by the hand of God.

HE MAKETH HIM FAMILIES LIKE A FLOCK. The Maker of heaven, and earth, and man, is the Maker of families—the Maker of home. O that all homes might bear the impress of His forming hand in their spirit and influence, as truly as in their origin!

But as neither plighted vows, nor wedding ring, nor ceremony of minister, can make a true marriage when there is no union of hearts, so living beneath the same roof in the most intimate and hallowed relation man ever forms cannot make a true home, where the home spirit, the home affections, the home love are wanting.

Marriage is sacred, but marriages may be profane. Home is of God, but homes may be godless.

O how sad and disastrous—how fruitful of sorrow and woe—when that which is holy in its origin becomes unholy in its issues; when that which was designed of Heaven to bless man with peace and social happiness is perverted to discord, alienation, and misery!

The essential elements of a true home are not confined to the few, but open to the many. Home is too rich a boon to be monopolised by any class, or limited to any external condition.

Wealth is not necessary to it; for though money wisely used may adorn and beautify home and fill it with comforts and conveniences, still it is not essential to home joys. Nay, it may frustrate the highest designs of home, by ministering to vanity and a poor love of display, instead of fostering the quiet virtues and strong affections, and elevating pursuits of a Christian home.

Even "a competency" in its moderate estimate—a "forehanded" condition—is not necessary to it, for however desirable it may be to feel exempt from the necessity of daily toil, and to be able to provide against sickness and misfortune, still this

is not essential to a happy home, though it is often waited for, and toiled for, as if a home without it must be based upon the sand, when the truth is, the home that is based upon it is on the sand, for it is a competency of virtuous love and mutual endeavours to aid and bless, not a competency of this world's goods that is the true foundation of home.

"Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances and I will show you ten wretched from other causes."

"True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A loving fireside."

"I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome,
If 'mid his splendours he hath not
A world of love at home."

To have wealth, to enjoy a competency, to be forehanded, are accidents of human condition, subject to all the contingencies of a changing world: to-day we may possess them, to-morrow they are gone. Home rests not on this fickle basis. Its foundations are deeper laid in the heart, and not on the shifting sands of external condition.

Home, like marriage, from which it springs, rests upon those strong, deep, pure affections that make the two hearts one.

Wherever a true marriage has been formed, there the foundation is laid for a true home.

The external superstructure of house and furniture may be wanting, but united love and labour will supply these in due time and find sweet joy in the mutual effort.

The "own home" may be seen only as a future hope, but the "own hired house," like that in which Paul dwelt, may prove a truer home of the heart than many a stately palace or costly villa which the occupant can show with pride and call "mine."

There may be little means for adorning or beautifying the humble abode, but good taste and neatness, and a happy arrangement of little things will give a home-like pleasant air even to the scantily-furnished apartment that will invite domestic peace.

There may be no costly pictures on the walls, but they may be spared where the

living pictures of home joys and home affections are found in the heart, in love's own natural and beautiful setting.

Love, chastity, fidelity to marriage vows, virtuous endeavours, the Christian view of life, the Christian faith, hope, spirit, and purpose—let the married pair have these, and they have a foundation for home that will not crumble.

These will gild with peace and joy the lowliest circumstances, beautify the humblest home, sweeten daily toil, and make common duties, cares, and labours subserve a high and sacred purpose.

These will give to competency a new value as furnishing the means of making home outwardly as well as inwardly attractive, adding to its conveniences and comforts, gratifying a pure taste, and providing the means of intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement and pleasure.

These will impart to wealth a new power for good by making it the ministering angel of pure and chaste affections beautifying home, not for vanity and show; but for love and happy influence; multiplying its comforts, that its hospitalities may be multiplied; adding to its chaste elegances, that it may minister to refinement of thought and feeling, and going out on missions of love to bless with its benignant charities other homes less favoured.

These are what hallow and sanctify home in every condition, helping to make it what God designed—a home of sweet affection, faithful love, and domestic peace—a school of social culture, true refinement, pure endeavour, and sacred aspirations—the birthplace, the cradle, the nursery, the school of all those affections, graces, and virtues that belong to the children of God.

Such a home God calls on the twain made one to build up to his glory and their own joy.

THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO, who crucify the divine idea of home, who thrust the cruel spear of neglect and unkindness into the heart of its purest joys, who nail to the cross of ignominy its tenderest and sweetest affections, put to an open shame its holiest sanctities, and consign to the tomb the purest, holiest, most redeeming influences of this God-ordained form of social life. FATHER FORGIVE THEM.

How great and rich the privilege o
making a *new home* in the world! How
unutterably important—What shall its
character be?

They kneeled beside the bridal bed,
God's unseen angels overhead;
The twain were one, and one the prayer
Laid on the marriage altar there.

'Twas earnest, simple, deep, and true,
Outgush of one heart filled by two;
The angels listened with hushed wing,
Then upward bore the offering.

And soon amid the angel throng
In heaven's bright mansions rose the song,
"Joy! joy to Earth!—a new home given
To Love and Faith, to God and Heaven."

W. P. TILDEN.

TO A VERY YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

To write a book of household song,
Without one verse to thee
Whom I have known and loved so long,
Were all unworthy me.

Have I not seen thy needle plied
With as much ready glee
As if it were thy greatest pride
A sempstress famed to be?

Have I not ate pies, pudding, tarts,
And bread thy hands had kneaded,
All excellent—as if those arts
Were all that thou hadst heeded?

Have I not seen thy cheerful smile
And heard thy voice as gay—
As if such household cares, the while,
To thee were sport and play?

Yet can thy pencil copy well
Landscape, or flower, or face,
And thou canst waken music's spell
With simple, natural grace.

Thus variously to play the part
Before thy teens are spent,
Honours far more thy head and heart
Than mere accomplishment.

To wear the wreath thou well hast won,
And be it understood,
I frame it not in idle fun
For girlish womanhood.

But in it may a lesson lurk,
Worth teaching now-a-days—
That girls may do all household work,
Nor lose a poet's praise!

BERNARD BARTON.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

HERESY.—There are men—one or two, I mean, whose minds have been brought up in a catechetical treadmill—who never say “Confession of Faith” without taking off their hats, and who have altogether the appearance of thinking that the Bible is the *next best book* to the Catechism. These men are, of course, mortally afraid of heresy, or “hearsay,” as an old woman very pertinently pronounced it,—and their remarks on this subject are truly lucid.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

“**LIBERAL CHRISTIAN.**”—The term “Liberal Christian” seems to be passing through changes. The witness in a court of justice who declared his disbelief in Christ, in the Bible, in a future existence, and even in God, and proclaimed himself “a Liberal Christian,” is probably a specimen created by some lively imagination; but there was a veritable man in this city, who manifested much disgust, at a preacher’s frequent reference to the Scriptures, and mention of Jesus, who gave as the reason of his dislike that he was “a Liberal Christian, and didn’t wish to be bored with such stuff as that!”—*Rev. A. B. Grosh.*

RESULTS OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.—The New York *Church Journal* declares that the doctrine, that the Bible, interpreted by each individual for himself, is the supreme rule of faith and practice, is at once impracticable and destructive. “It has led to the fearful flood of neology and scepticism, Arianism, Unitarianism, Universalism, and other protean forms of error, from which the Protestant bodies of Germany, Switzerland, France, Poland, Great Britain, and this country have so grievously suffered.” To whom would the *Church Journal* have us look as the infallible interpreter of the Bible, if we may not interpret it for ourselves?

EXTINCTION INEVITABLE.—A paper called the *Sporting Life* “sees nothing but death before one of its noble arts.” These are its words:—“English pugilists who recently quitted their native land for America, on account of the hostility of public opinion at home, are likely to find themselves out of the frying-pan into the fire. It would seem that our transatlantic cousins have a greater abhorrence of prize-fighting than any of the strait-laced portion of our own community, and the ultimate extinction of the noble art seems inevitable. The Legislature of Ohio have passed a bill which provided that all persons engaged as principals in any prize fight shall be liable on conviction to imprisonment in a penitentiary for not less than one or more than ten years, and that backers, seconds, umpires, and reporters at prize fights shall be liable to not less than ten days or more than three months’ imprisonment, in addition to fines of not less than 50 dollars or more than 500 dollars. The Yankee mind is strongly opposed to pugilism, and is so obviously determined to put it down, we shall surely have to say very shortly that the prize-fighter’s occupation’ one, and that the glories of the twenty-four feet arena exist only in tradition.”

FUNERAL SUPERSTITIONS.—There is still remaining among the poorer orders a great amount of superstition. The following lately came under my notice in Hampshire:—One of my family being in a house at a funeral, after the corpse had left the house for the church, she happened to shut the outer door, which sadly disconcerted the old nurse. She opened it again instantly, remarking that even its being temporarily shut was dangerous; but had it remained closed till the mourners returned home there would certainly have been another corpse taken from the house within the year. I saw another instance of this feeling last week. After the corpse had left the house a violent storm took place; but the door was kept open, although the rain beat in, and must have done some damage to the property inside. On making an inquiry, I find it also extends to the windows. Not a door or window must be shut until the mourners returned.

A CHEERFUL HEART.—I once heard a young lady say to an individual, “Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look.” A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives as if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have will escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion maketh the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

—*Dr. Dewey.*

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